

gedness which doesn't let them be trampled on," I answered. "Tell that to your Mr. Harold James." And so he went away, muttering.

The Streets and the Jameses had been old friends, until Mr. James made his money. Then my father quarreled with him. He was proud and touchy and sensitive, and Mr. James was not conciliatory. That was why the quarrel came to be a permanent estrangement.

One morning a few days later I saw that a series of boards had been put up all around my little property in the night. I went down to look at them. There were ten in all, and each bore in large letters the words: "Trespassers will be prosecuted."

The road led from the garden through a mile of James' land to Hicksville. A man was waiting at the gate of the garden, and I hadn't set foot outside before he came hurriedly forward.

"I must ask you to go back," he said, taking off his hat respectfully. He seemed a gentleman, although he was dressed like a tramp. "You may not know that this is a private road. In fact it has always been private, although Mr. James allowed your father the use of it. I must request that you step back upon your own territory."

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing," I replied angrily. "I utterly defy you and your old road."

And I went forward, though my heart was beating. The man watched me until I was out of sight.

I returned from town about an hour later. The man was waiting for me.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but Mr. James insists on his orders being obeyed. Unless you agree not to trespass again, I shall have to take severer measures."

"Tell Mr. James that he is welcome to take any measures he likes," I answered. "He can't frighten me into selling my property. And, what's more, he won't."

With that I went indignantly into the house, and, once inside, I confess that I gave way to tears. I was very lonely. I had written to a girl chum to come down from Richmond and to stay with me until I had decided upon my plans, but I had never contemplated being marooned. What if that wicked Harold James really meant to let me starve to death there? But soon I plucked up courage, for outside I heard the creaking of the grocer's wagon. Mr. Tarrish was an old friend of mine, and he would never be prevented from crossing that piece of property.

"I hear young Mr. James is back," he observed, when he had delivered my purchases. "You'll be selling out, I'm afraid, Miss Millicent."

"Never!" I answered indignantly, and Mr. Tarrish laughed.

"You've got the grit of your dad, Miss Millicent," he said, admiringly. Keep it up! Don't let it be said a James could bluff a Street."

"Well, I should say not," I answered, and with that I felt so proud that I was quite ashamed to let him know the peril that I was in of being arrested and carried away to prison.

Not that I believed Harold James could really close that road. But the Jameses could do almost anything in our country, and if they chose to go to law—well, everyone knows that four thousand dollars has hard work fighting fourteen millions. I wasn't too joyful when I awoke next morning.

I looked out of the window. The boards were still there, but there was no sign of the tramp agent. I was going into town anyway that day to get the mail, so I had breakfast quickly and put on my hat and sallied forth.

Then I saw something that made my heart jump into my throat. Close to the gate, tied to a short stake by a very long chain, was the most savage looking bull I had ever seen. He had his head down, and as I approached the garden gate he gave